

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 317. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1850.

PRICE 1½d.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

BOATING IN THE ALTENFIORD CONCLUDED—
RETURN TO TRONDHJEM.

THE third morning, which was that appointed for my return to Hammerfest, proved wet and misty, and fresh snow appeared on the summits of the Seiland mountains, as it sometimes does on our Ochils and Pentlands about the middle of October. As it was only a week since I had sailed at midnight into Hammerfest bay under an experience of the mildest airs, I had sufficient reason to conclude that the summer of Finmark was not to be praised for consistency. There was, however, one favourable circumstance—the wind was fair for Hammerfest. I therefore set out immediately after breakfast.

For several hours we made fair progress, and the weather was not so bad as to prevent me from making observations on the coasts. After midday the wind shifted several times, and then became violent. It required the greatest watchfulness on the part of the men to prevent the boat from being thrown over by the gusts which occasionally came out of the gullies on the sides of the fiord. As it was, there was a terrible tossing, and much shipping of water. Having heard that a boat containing two gentlemen connected with the copperworks had once been upset at this very place in similar circumstances, when one of the passengers was drowned, and the other only saved by clinging for three hours to the wreck, I was not without some apprehensions, although very much cooler about the dangers of the case than I could have previously supposed. In these circumstances I could not but admire the patience of the boatmen, as they strove to control the movements of the vessel, never complaining of either the cold, or the drenching which they were getting. It was interesting also to observe the effects of their skill in keeping the boat alive, the more especially as it was a kind of skill of which I had myself no share. Probably, I thought, I could explain the principle of *displacement* better than these poor fellows; but as to the practical management of the vessel, I should be comparatively as a child. After enduring the storm for some time, Sörn deemed it prudent to go before the wind for Klokke-havn, a creek in the island of Qualøe, where he knew we should have shelter. I was glad to step ashore at this place, though it was a perfect wilderness, several miles from any human habitation.

After consulting with the men, I deemed it best to take one of them as a guide, and walk across the mountains to Hammerfest, which I was assured we should reach in two hours. Meanwhile Sörn and the other man would wait with the boat till fair weather should allow them to bring it round to port. To make their circumstances as endurable as possible, I surrendered to them

the best of my provisions, and likewise promised to send assistance if it should appear unlikely that they should be able to bring off the boat before night. I then set out, through wind and drizzle, over as wild and irregular a tract of ground as I had any recollection of ever passing. After an hour's walk, I came to a small farm in a nook of the coast, where the poor people were striving to save their hay, hanging it, as is their custom, across horizontal poles and over walls. On entering the cottage to take a few minutes' rest, we were hospitably offered coffee, which, however, I declined. We then passed along the brow of the rough coast and over the skirts of the Tuven mountain, wading without ceremony each mountain streamlet we came to. The whole affair reminded me of the description of some of the more dismal wanderings of Prince Charles Stuart in the Hebrides. At length, after a rapid walk of between three and four hours, we reached Hammerfest, where once more I was most kindly welcomed by Mr J—. In the evening, to my great joy, Sörn made his appearance with the boat.

The next day, which was a tolerably fair one, was devoted to a series of measurements along the line of terrace between Hammerfest and the place called Sioholmen, each so near the other, as to leave no chance of a change of terrace taking place in the interval. The result was a perfect conviction that the upper line is, in reality, as in appearance, one unbroken and undivided piece of ancient sea-margin, and, strange to say, *on an inclination* which gives a rise of several feet for every mile of direct space.* It appeared, then, that M. Bravais was right in describing his two lines in Altenfiord as stooping, and as thus proving that, since the time when these lines of erosion were made by the sea, the frame of the land had undergone a remarkable movement out of its original plane. The proofs for this were now, I conceived, complete, as far as the above space of ground was concerned. It only remained that I should make a few more observations along the fiord, and endeavour to arrive at such generalisations as

* The particular measurements were—

	Feet.
Hammerfest, - - - - -	84.73
A geographical mile to the west, - - - - -	87.04
A little farther along in same direction, - - - - -	18.49
In Rypfiord, - - - - -	91.38
At Saragamma, 2½ miles of direct distance from Hammerfest, - - - - -	96.69
In Akkerfiord, 3½ miles of direct distance from Hammerfest, but not on the same line, - - - - -	104.69
Molstrand, about a mile farther on, - - - - -	106.11
Indre Sioholmen, - - - - -	114.32†

At Quismaes in Seiland, nearly opposite to the latter place, the terrace was 107.

† In this table geographical miles are meant.

were attainable regarding the ratio of the inclination in various parts, and its axis of direction.

To-day, while making the observation in Akkerfjord, a small but characteristic circumstance came under notice. It was a rough, uninhabited valley, with no appearance of life anywhere to be seen. Indeed so still and cheerless were these solitudes in general, that I had ceased to look for or even think of living things. I was taking a sweeping survey with the telescope of the levelling instrument, to see if any traces of the terrace were to be detected on the level of that portion of it on which I stood, when something moving came into the field of view. It was very indistinct, but at length I made out a reindeer, and finally two. To the naked eye they were totally imperceptible. I know not how to apologise for mentioning a thing so trivial, unless by reference to the romantic emotion which the sight of such objects in such circumstances excited within myself.

After another hospitable night at Hammerfest, I bade this place a final adieu, and proceeded on my last voyage along the fiord. It was a rough, wet day; nevertheless I made some important observations, tending to support the conclusion arrived at on the previous day. When I parted with my friends at Komagfjord next morning, I was embarrassed to find that nothing could induce them to treat me otherwise than as a friendly guest. They were, however, too good people to render it possible that I should resist this kind feeling of theirs too much; and I remembered, moreover, what we are too apt to forget in such circumstances that, if we assume to ourselves the privilege of little regarding money in payment, we ought equally to allow to others the right to be indifferent to it in receipt. Worthy Mr Hinschel at Qalsund had acted in the same hospitable manner. In fact, so it chanced that I never paid a bill during the whole five weeks I was absent from Trondhiem, except those on board the steamer. It was an entire month of the old kind-hearted world which knew not rigid reckonings and the accursed love of gold.

A sail of six hours next day brought me to Talvig, a pleasant recess in the coast, where there is a parish church, with a village, and where barley and potatoes are reared without apparent difficulty, while well-grown birch woods clothe the neighbouring slopes. I was entertained very kindly at dinner by the parson, Mr Ors, and his pleasant wife, whom I found, as is not uncommon in Norway, conversant with the works of Scott, Bulwer, and Dickens, through the medium of Danish translations, while all our more solid writers are totally unknown. When I chanced to mention that I had been acquainted with Scott for fully ten years of his life, though only as a young and obscure man may know an elderly and a great one, the worthy couple evidently regarded me with a highly-increased interest. It was delightful to be able to expatiate, from personal knowledge, on the fine gracious character of Sir Walter Scott, in a Norwegian prestegaard under latitude *seventy*. Here I met Mr Stour, the kiopman of Talvig, an intelligent, elderly man, who has travelled over most of Europe, and speaks nearly the whole of its languages. How extraordinary would it be to meet a man of such accomplishments in any similar mercantile situation in Great Britain! He mentioned to me that rye would be raised at Talvig as well as barley, if it were not got on more advantageous terms from Russia. He considers the Laps or Fins as in some respects even better people than the humbler class of Norwegians. They have an old traditional morality which serves as a better restraint upon them than any possessed by the Norwegians. They are also less prejudiced about the common affairs of the world. A Norsk farmer declines to adopt any obvious improvements, or enter upon any new courses, however promising, on the old plea—'My father did not do so, and yet was very well: I shall fol-

low in his steps, and thus be sure to be right.' A Laplander has no such hesitations. Strange to say, it was one of these people, living in Kaafjord, who first cultivated potatoes on any considerable scale in this district. He raised as much as 300 bushels on his little bit of ground.

Mr Stour remarked that it is good for a fisherman along these lonely shores to cultivate a little ground. It does not interfere with his ordinary duty: it rather occupies well a leisure time which might otherwise be spent detrimentally. By the results he is better prepared than he otherwise could be to bear the calamity of a bad or poor fishing season; but the moral effects are those of the greatest importance. When a man has a little something to look to in the ground round his cottage, he seems to become a superior being. He is raised in his own esteem, and acts so as to gain that of his fellows. I considered Mr Stour's unasked opinion on this point important, as it must have been the result of mere observation, there being no great question on the subject in Norway, as with us. It is just here perhaps that the manufacturing system shows worst in contrast with humbler kinds of industry. From local and other circumstances, and from the engrossing toils to which it leads, this system does not admit, at least does not readily admit, of being attended by any subordinate kind of labour, such as gardening or farming, on however small a scale, which might serve as something to fall back upon when mills had to stop for want of foreign orders. Although, therefore, it gives greater gains while full work lasts, yet, as little is saved, the evil day of non-employment finds its children unprovided with the means of living a single week: starvation or pauperism immediately supervenes; and the result is a practical barbarism in the midst of civilisation, worse than any barbarism known on these desolate coasts. One of the greatest social requisites of our day is undoubtedly something that would raise the manufacturing labourer—and, I may add, the rural labourer also—above the moral and physical ills which seem inseparable from a life of bare weekly wages. The labourer, so remunerated, never knowing the dignity of any but the most fleeting possession, is a man on a low moral platform, even compared with the Norwegian fisherman, whose total income does not perhaps amount to a third of his. So receiving his gains, he is either deficient in the will or the power to save. Legislating only for the week, he is never more than a week from a state of pauper-like dependence on his master or his neighbours. The intervals of non-employment which occur in this system of things are certainly the immediate cause of a vast proportion of the ills of our state. It may be, I think, seriously questioned if they do not counterbalance all the advantages of freedom, in the contrast between the independent labourer and the slave. Indeed, to talk of our labourers being independent, when they at all times are so near to pauperism, is mockery. The slave is, in comparison, like a man with a regular providence over his head. Query—Is this a system of things quite unalterable or irremediable? Are we to believe that, when simple gives place to combined industry, the hand-work to the work in which hands are assisted by vast enginery, small economy to grand economy, the results are to be hopelessly destructive to the wellbeing of the great multitude of the industrious, and the last state of that nation to be worse than the first? Surely not: yet who can say how the remedy is to come, or what form it shall take?

Two rivers come into the sea at Talvig, and the valleys are filled up with their sandy detritus exactly like those of the Kaafjord elv and the Alten. This detritus forms plains and terraces, clasping round the bases of the hills. One remarkably round, smoothed, rocky hill, on the coast to the east of the village, with a belt of sandy terrace round it, reminded me of a globe with its artificial horizon. That terrace is 205 feet above the sea, being somewhat less than the height of the similar terraces at Kaafjord and Alten.

The general result of the investigation of the terraces, when I afterwards deduced it from the facts in my notebook, was, that there is a district of at least forty geographical miles in extent between Hammerfest and Kaaford, which has undergone several distinct movements out of its original plane, in the course of the time during which the last changes of the relative level of sea and land took place. This portion of country has moved on a fixed point, the situation of which is about a third of the space from the northern extremity of the part examined; namely, near a place called Noeverford, two or three miles from Beritemol—the elevation of the upper line being there the same as at Tromsøe. At Hammerfest the sink is fifty-eight feet. At Kaaford the tilt up is ninety-eight. The rise having been found tolerably equable along the sound between Seiland and Qualøe, which is in a direction a little to the east of south, but considerably less when we turn to the points of observation in Varg Sund, which runs nearly from N. E. to S. W., I was led to suppose that the axis of the line of rise was in the former direction, and that the latter partly crossed it. On consequently protracting the first line, being one exactly 14 degrees to east of south, or near the line of the magnetic meridian, and raising on it perpendicular lines touching the points of observation, it was found to be actually the case, that equal degrees of the rise are passed through in equal portions of that meridional space; so that it appears that the dip and cant of the moved territory is N. 14 degrees to W., or S. 14 degrees to E. One fact connected with this raising of perpendiculars was very conclusive; namely, that that farthest to the south not merely suited the elevation of the Alten alluvia, but passed these through the terraces at Bos-sikop, Quenvig, and Kaaford elv, a space of ten miles in all—these being accordingly all of one elevation. The Talvig terraces at 205 are a little lower in fair proportion to the distance along the meridional line from which a perpendicular would have to be raised in order to cross them. The breadth of the territory affected appears from these facts and others to be not inconsiderable; but on this point, and its length, my observations were not exhaustive. The data respecting the lower line were such as to show that a similar angular movement had been undergone after it was formed; but the marking having been too vague to admit of very precise measuring, we only attain a general probability of its indicating the same axis of movement as the upper line: it certainly is very near. As to the eleven intermediate terraces seen at Komagford, and repeated in greater or less number elsewhere, they are too fragmentary to admit of connections being established amongst them; but, involved as they are in the same system, they must be regarded as sufficient evidence of an equal multitude of angular movements. The general fact must be regarded as one of some importance in physical geography, as it shows the possibility of very considerable local movements of the earth's surface, as well as that these may be upon a central pivot, and equable over certain spaces.

I arrived at Kaaford late in the evening, and received a warm welcome after my various perils and toils—*'multo jactatus per Alten'*, as a wag observed. The affair had occupied exactly a fortnight. I may remark, that the conduct of my boatmen had been in all respects satisfactory. They had undergone great fatigue and considerable hardship without the slightest complaint; on the contrary, they were always cheerful and obliging. I had had occasion, too, to admire the frugality and temperance of these hardy sons of the north. They lived upon a mere trifle of rye bread and cheese, drinking only the crystal spring. They were content to sleep under their sail in the stern of the boat. It seemed to be their great object to take home the fee which I had to give them (22½ specie dollars) entire to their families, probably as a reserve for the winter. Their unaffected joy in receiving the reversion of my small stock of provisions was a sermon to me on contentment.

Next morning (August 14) the *Prinds Gustaf* once more made its appearance in the fiord, entering almost to the minute of our expectations. The arrival of this three-weekly vehicle of communication at any part of its course is, as I found in Kaaford, an event of high consequence. Either visitors are to come or to depart, perhaps both; journeys are to be commenced, or long-absent members of families restored. The event occupies the thoughts and conversation of the people for days beforehand. They date little incidents from it, as other people do great ones from plagues and conflagrations. The *Prinds Gustaf* being on the way to Hammerfest, we now lost all our lady visitors, as well as Parson Zetlitz, receiving in exchange a gentleman from Scotland, whose aim was health and salmon-fishing, the one through the medium of the other. He landed here on his way to the Alten River, and we spent an agreeable day together in inspecting the works.

The copper-mines are in the form of long winding passages in the interior of the hill, some of them in operation, others exhausted and disused. At the mouth of each adit is a great spoil bank, and here a considerable number of women are engaged in searching for small pieces of ore formerly thrown away or neglected. There is a large smelting-house on the shore below; for instead of taking the ore to the coal in England, they bring the coal to the ore here, and export only the refined metal. As formerly mentioned, about 700 persons are employed, many of whom are Quæns or Finlanders. As far as I could learn, the lives of these people are not in any measure exempt from the moral conditions which seem generally to attend severe and systematic toil. One painfully-expressive fact is the great mortality of young children. A gentleman told me that he knew three married women who had had each ten confinements, yet none of them had a surviving child. There is little affection seen between parent and child after the earliest youth is past, because the child can then, by taking work, become independent; and having no occasion to look any longer for parental protection, he seems at the same time to feel relieved from filial duty.

The next day, proving rainy, was devoted to in-door occupations. I embraced the opportunity of conversing with a Norwegian gentleman of official rank regarding the laws for the transmission of property, which are here so peculiar. The old udal arrangement was, to divide the family possessions into shares, each brother getting one, and each sister a half; and amongst themselves they could make an arrangement whereby one could retain the landed estate, and make compensation in money to the rest. Connected with this was a right of the next heir of any person who had sold an estate to buy it back within a certain period at the price paid for it, to which must now be added the value of improvements effected upon it. We are apt to feel a prejudice against an arrangement tending to the subdivision of the land, but I never could find that the evils we are apt to apprehend from that source are much experienced in Norway. By one means and another the estates remain from age to age with little change—few very large, but few also too small, and no sensible progress making towards their further comminution. Whether there is something in the moral character of the people which saves them from the apprehended consequences, I cannot tell; but so is the fact. Another circumstance is worthy of special remark—property is as persistent in the possession of particular families in Norway as it is in England. There are numberless families which have for centuries enjoyed particular estates, although these are perhaps very small. And this gives rise to a pride among the peasant proprietors somewhat incongruous with the democratic nature of their institutions. Some of them watch the marriages of their children with the most scrupulous care, so as to prevent alliances with families less dignified. And the line of demarcation between this class and the unpropertied peasantry is perhaps the most rigid class-line anywhere to be met with.

Were a stranger to arrive at the Tofte post-station in Gulbrandsdalen, he would probably think himself amiably condescending if he were to enter into conversation with the landlord; but what would be his surprise to learn that this person counts kindred with some of the old kings of Norway, and would not allow his children to ally themselves with any inferior blood! And this is a characteristic case. There are inconveniences, I believe, in the necessity often incurred of borrowing money to pay out the younger members of the family; but I question if, after all, the debts of the actual landholders on this account exceed those under which the landlord class almost everywhere groans, in consequence of the temptations to a heedless expenditure, not to speak of the burthen to which they also are liable on account of provisions for younger children.

There are, however, several features of the Norwegian rule of property to which I could not reconcile myself. One, above all, is the depriving a man of all right to use his discretion in bequeathing his property. It must perforce be divided among his children, whatever their special characters may be, or however undutifully they may have behaved towards himself. It shows the effect of custom in reconciling us to the most objectionable procedure, and raising a prejudice against the opposite, that, when I spoke of the hardship of not having one's own will in the disposal of property, the Norwegian gentleman replied by asking, 'But were men free in this respect, would they not often act according to their partialities, and be unjust to children against whom they had a causeless antipathy?' It had never occurred to him that nature herself takes care of all these things. This is not the whole extent of the error; for in Norway, when a married woman dies, the property of her husband is divided by a public officer, and one-half devoted to her children, who, if above twenty-one years of age, enter on immediate possession: in the other event, it is sequestered by the law, and reserved for them till they shall be of age. I was told of one unfortunate gentleman who had at one time been worth twenty thousand dollars, which makes a rich man in this country; but first ten thousand were reft from him for the children of one wife, and then, having married again, five thousand out of the remainder was taken for the children of the second; so that he was left in the end of his days an embarrassed and impoverished man. All such interferences by the law with the course of a man's will in connection with his property must certainly tend to take away from the value which men are disposed to set on worldly possessions, and consequently to diminish the stimulus to industrious exertion. If there are countervailing advantages, I should like to see them explained. I am bound, in the meantime, to remark that the Norwegians are rather more generally content with their laws as to property than we are with ours. No complaint on the subject is ever heard. And if the general prosperity of a country is to be appealed to as a test of the excellence of such laws, it is unquestionable that Norway leaves a Briton little room to pick faults; for this country is certainly on the whole prosperous. I have remarked that the unendowed and unskilled labouring-class shows no better than our own; but then this class is not proportionally a large one, as it is with us. The grand fact in Norwegian prosperity is the large proportion of its propertied middle-class. It has less capital to expend on great objects than England, and so far is a weaker country, even in the proportion of its population; but it is by no means certain which is the best kind of strength for a country to possess—that of masses of wealth in the hands of a few, or that of a large happy population, the great bulk of whom is under the dignifying sense of property, and engaged by the strongest ties to defend and support the whole fabric of things under which they live.

On the morning of Thursday the 16th August I took leave of my friends at Kaasford, with ineffaceable impressions of the kindness I had experienced in that

nook of the world. The weather was cold and ungenial, and new snow on most of the hills. I should have thought it a commencement of winter, suitably early for this latitude; but I was assured that it was only an outlying patch of winter which often occurs in Norway in the middle of August, and which the people recognise under the name of the *Iron Nights*. The first evening of our voyage southward gave us a clear though cold sky, and I had occasion to admire the golden-greenish tinge of the fading sunlight upon the snowy summits of the mountains.

The voyage, being a doubling back upon a former track, was less interesting than that from Trondhiem to Kaasford. The weather was also less agreeable. To the former features of our cabin party there was now added an English lady, and, strange to say, a recently-married one. A gentleman and his young wife had chosen to take a marriage jaunt, or what was almost such, to Norway, and, being at Trondhiem, had seen no reason why they should not have a sail to Hammerfest and back, since they could be on board a good steamer during the whole trip. They had experienced literally no inconvenience in this adventure, excepting in the want of a hotel at Hammerfest in which to spend the day between the arrival and return of the vessel. They had, however, made bold to apply to the English consul (the Scotsman formerly alluded to), and from him they had received all needful hospitality. Of course, if these Hammerfest people choose to be without a hotel, they must lay their account with acting as good Christians towards all decent-looking strangers who may come to their shores.

There being two tables in the cabin, a segregation of the company seemed almost necessarily to take place, the Norwegians sitting at one, the English at the other. I amused myself by contrasting the manners of the two parties. To the natives I felt sure that our easy informal manners must have appeared a sort of barbarism. To us they appeared, on the other hand, ultra polite towards each other, and especially the gentlemen towards the ladies. The English degree of mutual courtesy seemed to me—but then I may be prejudiced—just about what was rationally necessary to make all happy and at ease. The Norwegian, in my opinion, went beyond this point. In one respect, with all their politeness to the fair, the Norsk gentlemen felt sadly below the English, and this was in their habit of smoking in female company, and the freedom with which they indulged before ladies in all the consequences that flow from the use of the pipe. The habits of some gentlemen were a source not merely of remark, but of wonder amongst us English. You would come down into the cabin, take a seat, and commence reading. In the course of a few minutes you hear something between a shout and a shriek proceed from some one at the opposite table, and look up in the fear that a passenger has gone off in the last agonies of mortality. You see only a well-dressed healthy-looking man, reading a newspaper, with his eyes near the sheet, and altogether unconscious of having given any cause for alarm, for he has only been clearing his throat of a real or imaginary something, unknown in the physiology of the English subject. Similar shrieks go off every two minutes or so for an hour, and none of his co-patriots of either sex seem to regard him as anything but a well-bred person.

After a voyage unvaried by any incident worthy of remark, and rendered comparatively cheerless by the cold weather, we duly arrived in the bay opposite Trondhiem at eleven in the evening of the 21st. Amidst a pell-mell of boats which came rushing through the dark to the sides of our vessel, I was glad to hear the voice of my bold dragon, eager to hail my return, and facilitate my getting on shore.

'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.'

Such was my feeling in meeting the good soul, whose whole unsophisticated nature was for the present bound up in my comfort. In how much more are we all kin than alien, and how much more joy is there in what unites than in what divides us!*

R. C.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

'THE ACCOMMODATION BILL.'

SUCH of the incidents of the following narrative as did not fall within my own personal observation, were communicated to me by the late Mr Ralph Symonds, and the dying confessions of James Hornby, one of the persons killed by the falling in of the iron roof of the Brunswick Theatre. A conversation the other day with a son of Mr Symonds, who has been long settled in London, recalled the entire chain of circumstances to my memory with all the vivid distinctness of a first impression.

One evening towards the close of the year 1806, the Leeds coach brought Mr James Hornby to the village of Pool, on the Wharf, in the West-Riding of Yorkshire. A small but respectable house on the confines of the place had been prepared for his reception, and a few minutes after his descent from the top of the coach, the pale, withered-looking man disappeared within it. Except for occasional trips to Otley, a small market-town distant about three miles from Pool, he rarely afterwards emerged from its seclusion. It was not *Time*, we shall presently see—he was indeed but four-and-forty years of age—that had bowed his figure, thinned his whitening hair, and banished from his countenance all signs of healthy, cheerful life. This, too, appeared to be the opinion of the gossips of the village, who, congregated, as usual, to witness the arrival and departure of the coach, indulged, thought Mr Symonds, who was an inside passenger proceeding on to Otley, in remarkably free-and-easy commentaries upon the past, present, and future of the new-comer.

'I mind him well,' quavered an old white-haired man. 'It's just three-and-twenty years ago last Michaelmas. I remember it because of the hard frost two years before, that young Jim Hornby left Otley to go to Lunnion: just the place, I'm told, to give the finishing polish to such a miscreant as he seemed likely to be. He was just out of his time to old Hornby, his uncle, the grocer.'

'He that's left him such heaps of money?'

'Ay, boy, the very same, though he wouldn't have given him or any one else a cheese-paring whilst he lived. This one is a true chip of the old block, I'll warrant. You noticed that he rode outside, bitter cold as it is!'

'Surely, Gaffer Hicks. But do ye mind what it was he went off in such a skurry for? Tom Harris was saying last night at the Horse-Shoe it was something concerning a horse-race or a young woman; he warn't quite sensible which.'

'I can't say,' rejoined the more ancient oracle, 'that I quite mind all the ups and downs of it. Henry Burton horsewhipped him on the Doncaster race-course, that I know; but whether it was about Cinderella that had, they said, been tampered with the night before the race, or Miss Elizabeth Gainsford, whom Burton married a few weeks afterwards, I can't, as Tom Harris says, quite clearly remember.'

'Old Hornby had a heavy grip of Burton's farm for a long time before he died, they were saying yesterday at Otley. The sheepskins will now no doubt be in the nephew's strong box.'

'True, lad; and let's hope Master Burton will be regular with his payments; for if not, there's Jail and Ruin

for him written in capital letters on yon fellow's cast-iron phiz, I can see.'

The random hits of these Pool gossips, which were here interrupted by the departure of the coach, were not very wide of the mark. James Hornby, it was quite true, had been publicly horsewhipped twenty-three years before by Henry Burton on the Doncaster race-course, ostensibly on account of the sudden withdrawal of a horse that should have started, a transaction with which young Hornby was in some measure mixed up; but especially and really for having dared, upon the strength of presumptive heirship to his uncle's wealth, to advance pretensions to the fair hand of Elizabeth Gainsford, the eldest daughter of Mr Robert Gainsford, surgeon, of Otley—pretensions indirectly favoured, it was said, by the father, but contemptuously repudiated by the lady. Be this as it may, three weeks after the races, Elizabeth Gainsford became Mrs Burton, and James Hornby hurried off to London, grudgingly furnished for the journey by his uncle. He obtained a situation as shopman in one of the large grocer establishments of the metropolis; and twenty-three years afterwards, the attorney's letter, informing him that he had succeeded to all his deceased uncle's property, found him in the same place, and in the same capacity.

A perfect yell of delight broke from the lips of the taciturn man as his glance devoured the welcome intelligence. 'At last!' he shouted with maniacal glee; and fiercely crumpling the letter in his hand, as if he held a living foe in his grasp, whilst a flash of fiendish passion broke from the deep caverns of his sunken eyes—'at last I have thee on the hip! Ah, mine enemy!—it is the dead—the dead alone that never return to hurl back on the head of the wrongdoer the shame, the misery, the ruin he inflicted in his hour of triumph!' The violence of passions suddenly unreined after years of jealous curb and watchfulness for a moment overcame him, and he reeled as if fainting into a chair. The fierce, stern nature of the man soon mastered the unwonted excitement, and in a few minutes he was cold, silent, impassable as ever. The letter which he despatched the same evening gave calm, business orders as to his uncle's funeral, and other pressing matters upon which the attorney had demanded instructions, and concluded by intimating that he should be in Yorkshire before many days elapsed. He arrived, as we have seen, and took up his abode at one of the houses bequeathed to him in Pool, which happened to be unlet.

Yes, for more than twenty bitter years James Hornby had savagely brooded over the shame and wrong inflicted on him before the mocking eyes of a brutal crowd by Henry Burton. Ever as the day's routine business closed, and he retired to the dull solitude of his chamber, the last mind-picture which faded on his waking sense was the scene on the crowded race-course, with all its exasperating accessories—the merciless exultation of the triumphant adversary—the jibes and laughter of his companions—the hootings of the mob—to be again repeated with fantastic exaggeration in the dreams which troubled and perplexed his broken sleep. No wonder that the demons of Revenge and Hate, by whom he was thus goaded, should have withered by their poisonous breath the healthful life which God had given—have blasted with premature old age a body rocked with curses to unblest repose! It seemed, by his after-confessions, that he had really loved Elizabeth Gainsford with all the energy of his violent, moody nature, and that her image, fresh, lustrous, radiant, as in the dawn of life, unceasingly haunted his imagination with visions of tenderness and beauty, lost to him, as he believed, through the wiles, the calumnies, and violence of his detested, successful rival.

The matronly person who, a few days after the Christmas following Hornby's arrival at Pool, was conversing with her husband in the parlour of Grange farmhouse, scarcely realised the air-drawn image which dwelt in the memory of the unforgiving, unforgetting man. Mrs Burton was at this time a comely dame, whose *embonpoint* contour, however indicative of florid health and serenity of temper, exhibited little of the airy elegance

* It will be remembered that, in the first of this series of articles, a description was given of the disappointment of the passengers per the Hull steamer, on finding at Copenhagen that the attestations of health which they had obtained from the Danish consul at Hull were not to save them from waiting under quarantine till the expiration of five days from their leaving England. The author now learns that, from some cause which does not clearly appear, the passengers were under a misapprehension of the effect of those attestations, which at the most could only save them from waiting longer than five days. The author has to express his belief that the respectable consul was not to blame on this account.

and grace said to have distinguished the girlhood of Elizabeth Gainsford. Her soft brown eyes were gentle and kind as ever, but the brilliant lights of youth no longer sparkled in their quiet depths, and time had not only 'thinned her flowing hair'—necessitating caps—but had brushed the roses from her cheeks, and swept away, with his searing hand, the pale lilies from the furtive covert whence they had glanced in tremulous beauty, in life's sweet prime; yet for all that, and a great deal more, Mrs Burton, I have no manner of doubt, looked charmingly in the bright fire-blaze which gleamed in chequered light and shade upon the walls, pictures, curtains of the room, and the green leaves and scarlet berries of the Christmas holly with which it was profusely decorated. Three of her children—the eldest, Elizabeth, a resuscitation of her own youth—were by her side, and opposite sat her husband, whose frank, hearty countenance seemed to sparkle with careless mirth.

'Hornby will be here presently, Elizabeth,' said he. 'What a disappointment awaits the rascally curmudgeon! His uncle was a prince compared to him.'

'Disappointment, Henry! to receive four hundred pounds he did not expect!'

'Ay, truly, dame. Lawyer Symonds' son Frank, a fine, good-hearted young fellow as ever stepped in shoe-leather—Lizzy, girl, if that candle were nearer your face it would light without a match'—

'Nonsense, father!'

'Very likely. Frank Symonds, I was saying, believes, and so does his father, that Hornby would rejoice at an opportunity of returning with interest the smart score I marked upon his back three-and-twenty years ago.'

'It was a thoughtless, cruel act, Henry,' rejoined his wife, 'and the less said of it the better. I hope the fright we have had will induce you to practise a better economy than heretofore; so that, instead of allowing two years' interest to accumulate upon us, we may gradually reduce the mortgage.'

'That we will, dear, depend upon it. We shall be pushed a little at first: Kirkshaw, who lent me the two hundred and fifty, can only spare it for a month; but no doubt the bank will do a bill for part of it by that time. But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Here is the money for Hornby at all events: and here at last comes the shrivelled atomy; I hear his horse. Fanny, light the candles.'

If Mrs Burton had consciously or unconsciously entertained the self-flattering notion that the still unwedded bachelor who had unsuccessfully wooed her nearly a quarter of a century before, still retained a feeling of regretful tenderness for her, she must have been grievously surprised by the cold, unrecognising glance which Hornby threw on her as he entered, and curtly replied to her civil greeting. That was not the image stamped upon his heart and brain! But when her eldest daughter approached the lights to place paper and pens upon the table, the flashing glance and white quivering lip of the grave visitor revealed the tempest of emotion which for an instant shook him. He quickly suppressed all outward manifestation of feeling, and in a dry business tone demanded if Mr Burton was ready to pay the interest of the mortgage.

'Yes, thank God,' replied Burton, 'I am: here is the money in notes of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. Count them!'

Hornby bent down over the notes, shading his face with his hand, as if more accurately to examine them, and the glance of baffled rage which swept across his features was not observed.

'They are quite right,' he said, rising from his chair; 'and here is your receipt.'

'Very good! And now, Hornby, let us have a glass of wine together for the sake of old times. Well, well; you need not look so fierce about it. Let bygones be bygones, I say. Oh, if you will go—go in God's name! Good-night!'

'Good-night!'

'Baffled—foiled!' muttered Hornby as he rode homeward. 'Where could he get the money! Borrowed it,

doubtless; but of whom? Well, patience—patience! I shall grip thee yet, Henry Burton!' And the possessed man turned round in his saddle, and shook his clenched hand in the direction of the house he had quitted. He then steadily pursued his way, and soon regained his hermitage.

The month for which Burton had borrowed the two hundred and fifty pounds passed rapidly—as months always do to borrowers—and expedient after expedient for raising the money was tried in vain. This money must be repaid, Kirkshaw had emphatically told him, on the day stipulated. Burton applied to the bank at Leeds with which he usually did business to discount an acceptance, guaranteed by one or two persons whose names he mentioned. The answer was the usual civil refusal to accept the proffered security for repayment—the bank was just then full of discounts. Burton ventured, as a last resource, to call on Hornby with a request that, as the rapid advance in the market-value of land consequent on the high war-prices obtained for its produce, had greatly increased the worth of Grange Farm, he would add the required sum to the already-existing mortgage. He was met by a prompt refusal. Mr Hornby intended to foreclose as speedily as possible the mortgages he already held, and invest his capital in more profitable securities. 'Well, then, would he lend the amount at any interest he chose!'

'The usury laws,' replied Hornby, with his usual saturnine sneer, 'would prevent my acceptance of your obliging offer, even if I had the present means, which I have not. My spare cash happens just now to be temporarily locked up.'

Burton, half-crazed with anxiety, went the following day to the Leeds bank with the proffer of a fresh name agreed to be lent him by its owner. Useless! 'They did not know the party.' The applicant mused a few moments, and then said, 'Would you discount the note of Mr James Hornby of Pool?'

'Certainly; with a great deal of pleasure,' Burton hurried away; had his horse instantly saddled, and galloped off to Pool. Hornby was at home.

'You hinted the other day,' said Burton, 'that if you had not been short of present means you might have obliged me with the loan I required.'

'Did I?'

'At least I so understood you. I am of course not ignorant, Mr Hornby, that there is no good blood between us two; but I also know that you are fond of money, and that you are fully aware that I am quite safe for a few hundred pounds. I am come, therefore, to offer you ten pounds *bonus* for your acceptance at one month for two hundred and fifty pounds.'

'What!' exclaimed Hornby with strange vehemence. 'What?'

Burton repeated his offer, and Hornby turned away towards the window without speaking.

When he again faced Burton, his countenance wore its usual colour; but the expression of his eyes, the applicant afterwards remembered, was wild and exulting.

'Have you a bill stamp?'

'Yes.'

'Then draw the bill at once, and I will accept it.'

Burton did not require to be twice told. The bill was quickly drawn; Hornby took it to another table at the further end of the apartment, slowly wrote his name across it, folded, and returned it to Burton, who tendered the ten pounds he had offered, and a written acknowledgment that the bill had been drawn and accepted for his (Burton's) accommodation.

'I don't want your money, Henry Burton,' said Hornby, putting back the note and the memorandum. 'I am not afraid of losing by this transaction. You do not know me yet.'

'A queer stick,' thought Burton, as he gained the street; 'but Old Nick is seldom so black as he's painted! He was a plaguy while, I thought, signing his name; but I wish I could sign mine to such good purpose.'

Burton laid the accepted bill, face downwards, on the bank counter, took a pen, indorsed, and passed it to the

managing clerk. The grayheaded man glanced sharply at the signature, and then at Burton. 'Why, surely this is not Mr Hornby's signature! It does not at all resemble it!'

'Not his signature!' exclaimed Burton; 'what do you mean by that?'

'Reynolds, look here,' continued the clerk, addressing another of the bank employes. Reynolds looked, and his immediate glance of surprise and horror at Burton revealed the impression he had formed.

'Please to step this way, Mr Burton, to a private apartment,' said the manager.

'No—no, I won't,' stammered the unfortunate man, over whose mind a dreadful suspicion had glanced with the suddenness of lightning. 'I will go back to Hornby; and he made a desperate but vain effort to snatch the fatal instrument. Then, pale and staggering with a confused terror and bewilderment, he attempted to rush into the street. He was stopped, with the help of the bystanders, by one of the clerks, who had jumped over the counter for the purpose.

The messenger despatched by the bankers to Hornby returned with an answer that the alleged acceptance was a forgery. It was stated on the part of Mr Hornby that Mr Burton had indeed requested him to lend two hundred and fifty pounds, but he had refused. The frantic asseverations of poor Burton were of course disregarded, and he was conveyed to jail. An examination took place the next day before the magistrates, and the result was, that the prisoner was fully committed on the then capital charge for trial at the ensuing assize.

It were useless, as painful, to dwell upon the consternation and agony which fell upon the dwellers at Grange Farm when the terrible news reached them. A confident belief in the perfect innocence of the prisoner, participated by most persons who knew his character and that of Hornby, and that it would be triumphantly vindicated on the day of trial, which rapidly approached, alone enabled them to bear up against the blow, and to await with trembling hope the verdict of a jury.

It was at this crisis of the drama that I became an actor in it. I was retained for the defence by my long-known and esteemed friend Symonds, whose zeal for his client, stimulated by strong personal friendship, knew no bounds. The acceptance, he informed me, so little resembled Hornby's handwriting, that if Burton had unfolded the bill when given back to him by the villain, he could hardly have failed to suspect the nature of the diabolical snare set for his life.

In those days, and until Mr, now Sir, Robert Peel's amendment of the criminal law and practice of this country, the acceptor of a bill of exchange, on the principle that he was interested in denying the genuineness of the signature, could not, according to the English law of evidence, be called, on the part of the prosecution, to prove the forgery; and of course, after what had taken place, we did not propose to call Hornby for the defence. The evidence for the crown consisted, therefore, on the day of trial, of the testimony of persons acquainted with Hornby's signature, that the acceptance across the inculcated bill was not in his handwriting. Burton's behaviour at the bank, in endeavouring to repossess himself of the bill by violence, was of course detailed, and told heavily against him.

All the time this testimony was being given, Hornby sat on one of the front seats of the crowded court, exulting in the visible accomplishment of his Satanic device. We could see but little of his face, which, supported on his elbow, was partially concealed by a handkerchief he held in his hand; but I, who narrowly observed him, could occasionally discern flashes from under his pent brows—revelments of the fierce struggle which raged within.

The moment at last arrived for the prisoner, whose eyes had been for some time fixed on Hornby, to speak or read his defence, and a breathless silence pervaded the court.

Burton started at the summons like a man unexpectedly recalled to a sense of an imperious, but for the moment forgotten, duty.

'James Hornby!' he suddenly cried with a voice which rang through the assembly like a trumpet, 'stand up, and if you can face an innocent man!'

Hornby, surprised out of his self-possession, mechanically obeyed the strange order, sprang involuntarily to his feet, let fall the handkerchief that had partially concealed his features, and nervously confronted the prisoner.

'Look at me, I say,' continued Burton with increasing excitement; 'and as you hope to escape the terrors of the last judgment, answer truly: did you not, with your own hand, and in my presence, sign that bill?'

'This cannot be permitted,' interrupted the judge.

'If you do not speak,' proceeded the prisoner, heedless of the intimation from the bench; 'or if you deny the truth, my life, as sure as there is a God in heaven, will be required at your hands. If, in consequence of your devilish plotting, these men consign me to a felon's grave, I shall not be cold in it when you will be calling upon the mountains to fall and cover you from the vengeance of the Judge of heaven and earth! Speak, man—save me: save your own soul from mortal peril whilst there is yet time for mercy and repentance!'

Hornby's expression of surprise and confusion had gradually changed during this appeal to its usual character of dogged impassibility. He turned calmly and appealingly towards the bench.

'You need not answer these wild adjurations, Mr Hornby,' said the judge, as soon as he could make himself heard.

A smile curled the fellow's lip as he bowed deferentially to his lordship, and he sat down without uttering a syllable.

'May the Lord, then, have mercy on my soul!' exclaimed the prisoner solemnly. Then glancing at the bench and jury-box, he added, 'And you, my lord and gentlemen, work your will with my body as quickly as you may: I am a lost man!'

The calling of witnesses to character, the opening of the judge's charge, pointing from its first sentence to a conviction, elicited no further manifestation of feeling from the prisoner: he was as calm as despair.

The judge had been speaking for perhaps ten minutes, when a bustle was heard at the hall, as if persons were striving to force their way into the body of the court in spite of the resistance of the officers.

'Who is that disturbing the court?' demanded the judge angrily.

'For the love of Heaven let me pass!' we heard uttered in passionate tones by a female voice. 'I must and will see the judge!'

'Who can this be?' I inquired, addressing Mr Symonds.

'I cannot conceive,' he replied; 'surely not Mrs Burton?'

I had kept my eye, as I spoke, upon Hornby, and noticed that he exhibited extraordinary emotion at the sound of the voice, to whomsoever it belonged, and was now endeavouring to force his way through the crowded and anxious auditory.

'My lord,' said I, 'I have to request on the part of the prisoner that the person desirous of admittance may be heard.'

'What has she to say? Or if a material witness, why have you not called her at the proper time?' replied his lordship with some irritation.

'My lord, I do not even now know her name; but in a case involving the life of the prisoner, it is imperative that no chance be neglected.'

'Let the woman pass into the witness-box,' interrupted the judge.

The order brought before our eyes a pale, stunted woman, of about fifty years of age, whose excited and by no means unintellectual features, and hurried, earnest manner, seemed to betoken great and unusual feeling.

'As I'm alive, Hornby's deformed housekeeper!' whispered Symonds. 'This poor devil's knot will be unravelled yet.'

The woman, whose countenance and demeanour, as she gave her evidence, exhibited a serious, almost solemn intelligence, deposed to the following effect:—

'Her name was Mary McGrath, and she was the daughter of Irish parents, but born and brought up in England. She had been Mr Hornby's housekeeper, and remembered well the 4th of February last, when Mr Burton, the prisoner, called at the house. Witness was dusting in an apartment close to her master's business-room, from which it was only separated by a thin wooden partition. The door was partly open, and she could see as well as hear what was going on without being seen herself. She heard the conversation between the prisoner and her master; heard Mr Hornby agree to sign the paper—bill she ought to say—for two hundred and fifty pounds; saw him do it, and then deliver it folded up to Mr Burton.'

A shout of execration burst from the auditory as these words were uttered, and every eye was turned to the spot where Hornby had been seated. He had disappeared during the previous confusion.

'Silence!' exclaimed the judge sternly. 'Why, woman, he added, 'have you never spoken of this before?'

'Because, my lord,' replied the witness with downcast looks, and in a low broken voice—'because I am a sinful, wicked creature. When my master, the day after Mr Burton had been taken up, discovered that I knew his secret, he bribed me with money and great promises of more to silence. I had been nearly all my life, gentlemen, poor and miserable, almost an outcast, and the temptation was too strong for me. He mistrusted me, however—for my mind, he saw, was sore troubled—and he sent me off to London yesterday, to be out of the way till all was over. The coach stopped at Leeds, and, as it was heavy upon me, I thought, especially as it was the blessed Easter-time, that I would step to the chapel. His holy name be praised that I did! The scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and I saw clearer than I had before the terrible wickedness I was committing. I told all to the priest, and he has brought me here to make what amends I can for the sin and cruelty of which I have been guilty. There—there is all that is left of the wages of crime,' she added, throwing a purse of money on the floor of the court; and then bursting into a flood of tears, she exclaimed with passionate earnestness, 'for which may the Almighty of his infinite mercy pardon and absolve me!'

'Amen!' responded the deep husky voice of the prisoner, snatched back, as it were, from the very verge of the grave to liberty and life. 'Amen, with all my soul!'

The counsel for the crown cross-examined the witness, but his efforts only brought out her evidence in, if possible, a still clearer and more trustworthy light. Not a thought of doubt was entertained by any person in the court, and the jury, with the alacrity of men relieved of a grievous burthen, and without troubling the judge to resume his interrupted charge, returned a verdict of acquittal.

The return of Burton to his home figured as an oration in the Pool and Otley annals. The greetings which met him on all sides were boisterous and hearty, as English greetings usually are; and it was with some difficulty the rustic constabulary could muster a sufficient force to save Hornby's domicile from sack and destruction. All the windows were, however, smashed, and that the mob felt was something at all events.

Burton profited by the painful ordeal to which he had, primarily through his own thoughtlessness, been exposed, and came in a few years to be regarded as one of the most prosperous yeomen-farmers of Yorkshire. Mr Frank Symonds' union with Elizabeth Burton was in due time solemnised: Mr Wilberforce, the then popular member for the West Riding, I remember hearing, stood sponsor to their eldest born: and Mary McGrath passed the remainder of her life in the service of the family her testimony had saved from disgrace and ruin.

Mr James Hornby disappeared from Yorkshire immediately after the trial, and, except through his business agents, was not again heard of till the catastrophe at the Brunswick Theatre, where he perished. He died penitent, after expressing to Mr Frank Symonds, for whom he had sent, his deep sorrow for the evil deed he had planned, and, but for a merciful interposition, would

have accomplished. As a proof of the sincerity of his repentance, he bequeathed the bulk of his property to Mrs Symonds, the daughter of the man he had pursued with such savage and relentless hate!

EFFECT OF THE CALIFORNIAN DISCOVERIES ON EUROPEAN EMIGRATION.

ONE effect is being produced by the recently-discovered Californian mines, to which the dazzling attractions of their gold seem to have almost blinded statistical writers—and that is their influence on the movement of emigration. Since the Sacramento River revealed the secret of its treasures, a new wave has risen in the tide of emigration, which, although it directly affects the United States, has an indirect influence over this part of the world. A vast amount of labour and some capital have already been withdrawn from the Atlantic shores of America; and although this has not yet been sufficient to cause so sensible a diminution in those first necessities of a comparatively young republic as to make room in the United States for immigrants from the old countries, yet if the movement of population towards the Pacific go on as it has begun, such an effect may be safely anticipated. The population of California in July 1846 was about 15,000, exclusive of Indians. Mr Larkins, who was, till recently, consul for the United States at Monterey, states that in July 1849 it had arisen to upwards of three times that amount, or 40,000; by far the larger moiety of increase having taken place during the previous year and a-half.

To show, however, with what rapidity the future augmentation may be anticipated, we must add, that while Mr Larkins wrote, a number of emigrants were on their way to the new state—by the most dangerous, painful, and tedious land route—equal in themselves to the entire population already settled. Colonel Craushawe arrived at the 'Wearer Diggings' on the 2d of September with a pack-mule company, bringing up the rear of an enormous army of emigrants, which had been collected at a particular point of the western extremity of the United States, and had travelled together for mutual assistance and safety. This gentleman states, that from the unerring data of a register kept at Fort Sarmie (an Indian trading port of the American Fur Company, 670 miles from the States' frontier), which all were constrained to visit *in transitu*, he ascertained that 10,273 wagons had passed and 240 pack-mule companies. The average number of travellers to each wagon was five, while each pack-mule company consisted of twenty. Thus there have arrived overland from the United States alone, since Mr Larkins' computation in July, upwards of 56,000 persons. But further; the same gentleman declares that only a minor proportion of the immigrants into California from the United States enter it by that route, the majority going by sea either round Cape Horn, or landing at Chagres, cross the Isthmus of Panama, and re-ship for San Francisco. This is borne out by an intelligent traveller, who, writing in September, says, 'It would not be an extravagant guess to set down 100,000 as having come over the isthmus or round Cape Horn, according to the best information I can collect on the subject'—all Americans. It appears, therefore, from these data, that since the breaking out of what the people of the States called the 'Californian fever,' nearly 200,000 of them have changed their residences from the centre and eastern shores to the western side of the continent. Neither has the fever abated since in the least, for the accounts constantly received more than confirm the first reports of the extent of the golden treasure distributed over the new territory. Indeed, from statistics of the federal government just received, we find that the torrent of emigration still flows without abatement. A competent authority estimates, that by the end of 1850 more than half a million of the enterprising citizens of the United States will have changed their abodes.

Nor can this be regarded otherwise than as a mo-

derate estimate. It must be remembered that the emigrants, up to this time, have been exclusively adult males, who have left behind them female and juvenile connections. Arrived in the new country, these men are rapidly forming settlements; for it must not be supposed that all are delvers for gold and wanderers: there is a due proportion of traders and artisans, who have departed to practise their trades. Once 'settled,' these emigrants will send for their families; many have indeed begun to do so already. Hence the exodus of hosts of 'family connections' will cause an additional draught from the United States' population.

These are facts to which the absorbing topic relating to California—its gold—must not blind the political economist. Half a million of its working hands cannot be abstracted from so active and eminently industrious a nation as the American states without disturbing that balance of classes which keeps the labour-market equably supplied, and without making it imperative that the broken ranks should be filled up with fresh recruits from elsewhere. Those who have not perused, like ourselves, private correspondence and newspapers from America during the last twelve months, can hardly form an idea of the mania for California which has raged, and still rages. We have already indicated the number who have left their homes and kindred; we have also made it our business to find out, from the most reliable sources, the professions and states of the majority of emigrants, so as to ascertain in which trades and classes the widest gaps have been left.

From careful enumeration, we have found that unquestionably the greatest number of desertions have taken place among agriculturists. At least one-third of the United States' emigrants to the Pacific side of the continent have been the proprietors of not only small, but often of large farms, amongst whose owners the desire for the gold country has burned so fiercely, that we can quote instances in which well-appointed estates have been offered in the market at 30 and even 50 per cent. under intrinsic value, and in many—indeed, so far as we can judge from accumulated evidence, in most instances, without finding a solitary customer. But this was no discouragement. Their owners raised, at usurious rates, sums sufficient on mortgage for their outfit, and to maintain their families until a sufficient harvest of gold should be gathered to transport the entire household to the modern Dorado. Those numerous farms have lain unproductive, and not a few have been wholly abandoned, with a *carte blanche* from the proprietor to the land-agent or mortgagee, to sell at any price that will cover the mortgage, and leave a small surplus.

Another third of the absentees are blacksmiths, white-smiths, and other metal-workers, who are of course, together with carpenters, in the greatest request—joiners, tailors, saddlers, and small traders. The other section, after enumerating a few merchants of repute, some store-keepers, shop-assistants, and medical men, consists of the 'loose fish' of North American society, such as gamblers, bankrupts, and adventurers of that peculiar do-nothing class existing nowhere else but in the States, and known as 'loafers.'

These circumstances considered, it must be obvious that the gaps thus made in various occupations in different parts of North America must be filled up, and that solely from Europe; for from thence alone can farmers and skilled artificers come. In no case, however, has this change in the condition of transatlantic society created as yet such a demand as to call specially for immigrants. Although many farms have lain rank and unproductive during the past season, and tracts from which supplies of corn were previously drawn have sent nothing to market, yet neither their extent, nor the period they have lain barren, has up to this time been great enough to have any marked effect on the corn market. Again, there has not yet been time for even the smaller communities to feel the loss of but a few of their carpenters, tailors, or blacksmiths. But time runs on, and, as we have already stated, the attrac-

tions of California continue undiminished; so that, from all we can gather, we cannot but anticipate that, unless some unexpected check is applied, at no distant date the breaches in the agricultural and operative classes which are daily widening will have a visible effect on prices.

Here, then, we reach the indirect effect which the gold mines of California are likely to produce on European emigration. They will in all probability soon have caused such a demand for British capital, for British and—let us hope, above all—for Irish labour, as to make emigration to the United States a better speculation than it has hitherto been. The English farmer, instead of setting up his son in the next farm to his own, and making him a direct competitor against himself and his neighbours both for land and produce—raving at the same time to all the world that he is already ruined by high rents on the one hand, and low prices on the other—will find it far more advantageous to venture his son and his capital in a cleared estate in the transatlantic republic.

If, again, our anticipations be well based, it cannot be long before encouragement will be offered to enterprising artisans to emigrate to the United States. The blacksmith will at no distant date find in the States not a few cold and silent smithies ready for his bellows and his hammer, the carpenter here and there an empty workshop, and the shoemaker an empty stall—all encouraged to work by customers waiting for their services.

Another consideration strengthens these hopes:—while Californian gold-seeking is drawing off a surplus population from the great republic, it is at the same time creating fresh demands for labour and capital. The commercial accounts from America already testify to this fact. The shipping interest of the States has, during the past year, received a visible impulse—and so have the provision and timber trades—from, it is said, the new commerce with California. A railway over the enormous expanse between the States and the Pacific, so as to grasp the whole breadth of the gigantic continent, is already a feasible project; and already the preliminary operations have been commenced for a canal and railway across the Isthmus of Panama, to be cut by American enterprise.

We wish, however, impressively to be understood that the advantages here pointed out are only in prospect. They cannot be said to be in actual existence at this time: they are only to be anticipated; although, on the other hand, the anticipations we have formed from correct existing data, dealt with by applying the simplest doctrines of probability, offer every chance of their realisation. Our object is to place before the eyes of those who take an interest in emigration materials for deduction—to apply the spur to inquiry, and to promote an additional watchfulness of such events as may tend to the safe and prosperous relaxation of the ruinous competition which exists in certain over-worked branches of British industry.

CHÂTEAU LIFE IN ENGLAND.

CHRISTMAS AND A CHRISTENING.

MARSTON MANOR wore its winter attire very gracefully. The lawns presented one unbroken surface of glittering, spotless white, looking like gigantic Twelfth-cakes. The old beeches and tall spruce-firs had wreathed even their tiniest branches with feathery snow-flakes, and the holly-trees—they are of unusual size at Marston—proudly displayed their scarlet berries and crowns of smooth green leaves, the sharp prickly ones, nearer this rough earth of ours, bearing up little snowballs in cups of emerald. A solitary magpie—to which we saw the girl from the farm curtsy *for luck* as she passed—and a robin perched on the china jars under the portico, were the only living and moving things in that still picture, over which the cloud-encum-

bered sky hung heavy with another storm. Portia and I, as we looked from the library windows, came to the conclusion that we should be more comfortable within doors than without, and returned to our seats and occupations near the fire; her work being not of Berlin wool, but of gray worsted, from which she was manufacturing stockings for the poor; and mine the completion of some heraldic paintings undertaken for my kind host. When weary of our labours, we relieved them by reading aloud, or chatting till the luncheon bell, with a heavier and duller sound than usual, called us to the dining-room.

The spacious apartment was no longer prepared for the reception of a number of guests, as we were now only a family party; but close to the hearth-rug stood a semicircular table, embracing, as it were, the glowing fire, the blaze of which, however, was not permitted to visit our faces too roughly, the inner side of the table having a glass screen attached to it, so that we enjoyed the brightness of the blazing brands without being scorched by them, whilst our feet had all the benefit of the genial warmth. On this most comfortable of winter tables were placed the hot dishes only, the cold turkey, ham, and beef occupying a more distant position on the yellow marble slabs; and beside the dish of the season—the mince-pies—stood a huge tankard of silver, once the property of the celebrated Sir Everard Digby, the Gunpowder-Plot conspirator. Perhaps, full of as potent home-brewed ale as that it now holds, it passed round the circle at Drystone, and was raised to the moustache of the too 'well-beloved' Catesby, or to the smooth lip of the hypocrite Garnet. Be that as it may, its contents had power to warm our chilled blood; and a labourer chancing to pass at the moment on his errand of path-sweeping was called by Portia to the window, and presented with a brimming glass, the merits of which he warmly attested.

The letters of the second post-delivery brought us an invitation to attend the christening of the heir of Marston's infant son—himself the probable inheritor of a large fortune. We were to go on the morrow; and as the journey could not be wholly made by the railway, some interest was excited about the state of the roads. Portia proposed, as she had several commissions to execute for the coming Christmas, that we should drive to Ivinghoe, and thus ascertain whether it would be possible to accept her brother's invitation or not. Warmly clad in furs and cloaks, we departed therefore in the open barouche, meeting a very cold salutation of falling snow-flakes as our carriage passed beneath the beeches. There were few people stirring in the village, but those we did meet made their rural obeisance with a glad smile. I think they partly guessed our errand; for every Christmas-eve two carts issue from Marston Park, the one bearing blankets, shirts, and flannel petticoats, the other beef and tea, to be so distributed by the bailiff, Forest, that no cottage shall lack its portion of good cheer to keep a merry Christmas. Ivinghoe is scarcely five miles from Marston: it is a nice, clean, quiet little town, dependant on a ducal residence in its immediate neighbourhood; but it was more still and quiet than usual as we drove into it this December afternoon, four o'clock being the tea hour of many of its inhabitants, of whose glowing hearths and cosy tea equipages we caught occasionally a passing glimpse. We stopped at Mr Good's the linen-draper, and took into the carriage a large supply of blankets and linen; and then proceeded to Mr Dodd's the stationer, to order paper, &c. The bookseller, a neat, sensible-looking, little man, came to the carriage for orders; and whilst Portia (with whom he was high in favour, because, as she once laughingly observed, 'he knew all our little ways!') was giving them, the knell tolled suddenly from the ivy tower of the beautiful church opposite the shop, and a humble funeral entered the churchyard, headed by the white-robed priest. Alas, there was a vacant place in one homestead at least this Christmas! The solemn sound and the now deepening gloom saddened

us a little as we returned to Marston, and we gladly hailed the bright light which the fire cast from the library windows, flickering and flashing as if it *knew* that it had been compared to 'a good deed,' and was grown Pharisaical; and hurrying into the hall, we speedily laid aside our out-of-doors gear, and sought its genial warmth. Here, with a cup of tea each, Portia in an easy-chair, and I at her feet—I am sufficiently Oriental to love a low seat—we discussed old times, old people, old books, and some new ones, till both were thoroughly warmed; then my companion, moving to the piano, sung me in her low, rich voice a quaint old ballad, whilst I watched the flickering shadows and the faces in the fire.

Dinner brought Mr Marston home, and our journey for the next day was planned, 'the baby' talked about, and the sponsors named and described. As we re-entered the library, the chimes of Marston church burst into a merry peal. The ringers were at once warming themselves and hailing the coming season; and Portia told me the same musical greeting would be continued till the old year should have passed to those 'before the Flood.' They still ring the 'passing bell' at Marston—a custom now nearly obsolete in England. It originated, they say, in the popular superstition, that bells, which were in the middle ages honoured with baptism, had the power of scaring away the fiends supposed to be watching to impede the parting spirit in its passage to another state of existence. It was at this hour I usually read to Portia; but now the bells kept up a sort of accompaniment to 'Tasso's Lament,' that made us not unwilling to close our book, and move, as the men entered with the urn and tea-things, to prepare for tea. The night proved cold, but clearer than we had hoped; and when the housekeeper, in consideration of the severity of the weather, brought us a hot glass of her own elder-wine to our bedrooms, she promised us a fine day for our morrow's excursion. And so, in truth, it proved: the sun shone forth brightly, and the cold blue sky appeared the clearer from the contrast of the yesterday's gloom. We found the young mother looking very delicate and pretty; and shortly after our arrival, the nurse was summoned to bring the baby to be introduced to his aunt. The 'Sairy Gamp,' who shortly obeyed the order, was quite a model nurse—fat, middle-aged, with a jovial expression of countenance, and a cap rejoicing in the reddest of red ribbon. As every presentation of her little charge was attended by a liberal donation from the guests (rather an unfair tax, by the by, levied by 'babies' on the British public), she was well pleased to exhibit the tiny stranger, which was of course 'the finest child' she had ever nursed: and in truth I believe the good woman really liked it; she looked down on its unconscious face with such an expression of motherly kindness. It was a pretty child, not fat, yet with really intelligible features—that is to say, one could distinguish its nose; and its eyes, when open, were blue and brilliant. It was speedily transferred from its comfortable resting-place in Sarah's arms to ours; and after an hour or two of nursing, during which the baby manifested occasionally profound sensibility, it was unanimously resolved that I excelled Portia in 'my notion,' as Mr Pecksniff would have said, of taking care of an infant.

The next day, on which our new acquaintance was to be admitted into the Christian community, was also bright, clear, and frosty. It would be quite un-English not to describe the weather!—and numbers of carriages rolled up the elm avenue of Langton, bearing the guests who were to attend the christening. The church was fortunately close to the house, consequently we all walked thither about noon; and in a time-honoured edifice, the carved stone font of which attested its antiquity, the service of baptism was performed. It was an exceedingly pretty scene: the frosty sunlight broke through the painted glass window above the altar, and streamed upon the font, resting with a propitious splendour on the white-robed clergyman and the tiny crea-

ture slumbering in his arms. 'Baby' behaved charmingly, sleeping as profoundly as any worthy old gentleman at a two hours' sermon, till the cold water touched its little brow, when it moved its waxlike arms, and uttered a low plaint, reminding me of the pretty story of Queen Mary's 'Good Master Amen.' On our return to the house we found a splendid second breakfast awaiting us, the most distinguished ornament of which was the christening-cake, made of the same rich materials as those of which wedding-cakes are usually composed. It was covered with almond-paste, and with an admirable mimicry of the frozen snow on the lawn, surmounted by a sweetmeat-cradle and baby, of really exquisite workmanship. 'Master Philip's' health was drunk in sparkling champagne, and his father returned thanks in due form: then followed the usual routine of a breakfast. As we left the dining-room, our host proposed that those of the party who were not afraid of the cold should walk to the village inn, where the poor of the estate (it was one belonging to his father) were assembled at a christening dinner. The proposal was gladly accepted, and a short walk brought us all to the Marston Arms. Here we found about thirty or forty blithe labourers and their wives seated at a long table covered with roast beef and legs of mutton. Ale was liberally dispensed; and soon after our entrance, the spokesman of the party proposed the health of their landlord and his heir (pronounced 'hairs'), which was drunk with loud applause. As the cheering subsided, we withdrew, meeting huge plumpuddings, ornamented with holly sprigs, at the door, on their way to succeed the beef and mutton, whilst a fiddler seated in the passage, employed in tuning his fiddle, suggested the prospect of further rural hilarity. Mr Marston desired that dinner might be given to the minstrel also; and thus another merry guest was added to those whose hearty mirth was still audible as we left the inn. On our return to Langton, the sponsors presented the usual christening gifts—a morocco-case containing a gold spoon and fork, a gold cup, and a coral with silver bells. The baby, splendidly dressed in a robe manufactured in the East from the pine-apple fibres, and trimmed with old point-lace, made its appearance again for a short time, and seemed duly to appreciate the latter offering, showing quite a philosophical contempt for those which typified his animal destiny of eating and drinking.

Dancing occupied the evening; old and young joining in a final 'Sir Roger de Coverley'; then the village choristers making their appearance, sang the 'Old English Gentleman' and 'God Save the Queen,' and we retired to bed, leaving the deserted hall for the fairies (who, once upon a time, always attended on such occasions) to hold their revels in if they pleased; though, as I looked from my bedroom window upon the white plain without doors, and at the fairylike frostwork of branches glittering in the clear silver moonlight, I thought the 'good people' would be more at home there than in an earthly dwelling.

We carried back with us to Marston Portia's married sister, and another lady connected with the family; and the early part of Christmas-eve was spent by them and us in sending forth the garments destined for the poor. It was quite a business: but Portia had a book containing lists of what had been distributed the previous year, and we were thus enabled to give each old dame the habiliment she most required, without running a risk of bestowing a superfluity of flannel-petticoats. Our fingers were exceedingly cold when our task was ended; and to warm us, Portia's sister, whose delicate loveliness was greatly enhanced by her vivacity, proposed a visit to the larder to look at the beef, also about to be sent into the village, and thither we accordingly adjourned. There was a great bustle in the servants' offices through which we passed. The housekeeper was busy making mince-meat; the gamekeeper had just brought in a fine hare and some partridges, and was receiving in turn a cup of potent ale: every one seemed busy, and all

looked pleased; for Marston Manor was that day acting as an English manor ought, and its inmates felt a reflected satisfaction of the good deeds that bring blessings. Outside the larder quite a picturesque group had assembled. Forest, his face radiant with honest pleasure, was superintending the removal of the huge pieces of beef into a cart decked with green boughs and mistletoe: near him stood the under-gardener, holding an immense basket full of holly, rich in scarlet berries. Parrot, with a supply of mistletoe flung over his shoulder, stood looking on with foolish glee; an old woman in a red cloak and the keeper's two fine dogs completing the picture. As we have before said, the larder is close to the stable-yard; we were therefore easily induced by Portia to pay a visit to her favourite Arab. The grooms ran eagerly to open the doors for us as we crossed the slippery pavement. The yard was well covered with straw, and we were speedily in the stables, the warmth and comfort of which, contrasted with the severe cold of the winter sky, was very delightful. Even Selim, the graceful, bright-eyed Arab, was keeping Christmas, his stall being duly decked with holly. Nothing can exceed the exquisite order and arrangement of the stables at Marston. The greater number of the stalls are closed in, some open; but all beautifully clean, and with due heraldry the style and title of each good steed is emblazoned above his manger. The coach-house can boast of the best 'turn-out' displayed during the season in Hyde Park. The carriages are kept aired by means of hot-water bottles placed inside them, and have the modern invention—a whispering-tube—attached to the check-string, by which orders can be conveyed without the footman's descent from his place behind the carriage. The harness-room is equally the abode of the genius of order, and is so well furnished, that one can scarcely conceive the number of good steeds that might be saddled and bridled from its resources.

By the time eventide closed in, the old manor was as gay as the scarlet berries of the holly and the pearl blossoms of the mistletoe could make it; and such a Yule log burned upon the library fire!—for the Marstons love to keep up old customs. We drew close round it; and as we sat in its light, one of the fair guests, whose graceful intellect and sweet voice made her a meet companion for the social hour, told us many strange stories touching the manner of celebrating Christmas in some of the Teutonic and Slavonian nations she had visited. 'The Serbian peasant goes forth,' she said, 'on Christmas-eve, and cuts from the nearest wood an oak sapling—a huge Yule log—called a *Badujak*. He brings it home, uttering as he enters the house the greeting, "Good-evening, and a happy Christmas!" The fireside group reply, "God grant it thee, thou happy one, rich in honour!" and cast corn over him. The log is then placed on the coals. In the morning a visitor, previously chosen, comes to the house. He throws corn from a glove into the doorway, exclaiming, "Christ is born!"—and some one within answers, "He is born in truth." They then strike the *badujak* with the poker, so that the sparks may fly in great numbers, saying at the same time, "As many sparks, so many oxen, sheep, goats, and beehives, mayst thou possess—so much good-fortune and happiness!" The goodwife then envelops the visitor in a coverlet of the bed, and the smouldering log is carried to the orchard. They have no church-service for the day; but at the evening meal every one appears bearing a lighted taper: these are all fastened together, and placed in a dish filled with different sorts of grain, and with a roll of unleavened bread, in which a piece of money is concealed. The tapers are then extinguished, and the bread broken, and he who finds the piece of money in his portion, is expected to be most fortunate during the ensuing year. The table is not cleared, nor the room swept, for three days afterwards, and open house is kept for all comers till New-Year's morning.'

Late in the night, even as we were in a half dream of Serbian forests and blazing Yule logs, we were roused

by the observance of one of our prettiest national customs—the Waits (or Wakes?). Sweetly that simple strain of holy melody stole upon the stillness of midnight, reminding us of the sanctity of the season, and of happy days of childhood, when the quaint Christmas carol had appeared the perfection of music and poetry. We thought of the dead and the distant—nay, even of the widowed hearth at Ivinghoe; for music, even the rudest, wakes at times strange echoes in our memory; and then we turned on our pillow, gazed upon the still bright embers of our fire, and, remembering that many blessings were still left to cheer us, resolved to let 'by-gones be by-gones,' and slept again.

Marston church was splendidly decked on Christmas-day, great contributions having been levied on the evergreens about the manor; and the congregation displayed their best attire in honour of the festival. Mr Marston's pew (built of course some three or four centuries ago) was a small room, having a stove, or rather fireplace, reading-desks, &c. in it. The floor was covered with matting, and on the walls were spotless white marble tablets, recording the deaths of Johns, Philips, and Cicelys, who had lived in the course of the sixteenth century. Three of the large church-windows were contained in the pew, and through them a twig of ivy had here and there forced its way, and crept along the wall. In commemoration of the day, the village choir had prepared an anthem; and much to their own satisfaction, if not to that of their fellow-worshippers, sang for nearly the space of half an hour the words, 'This shall be a sign,' in every possible variety of tone, shrill and nasal. The anthem was, however, followed by an admirable sermon from the rector; and as we returned home, we were greeted by many old people, who had 'made shift,' as they phrased it, 'to come to church that day at least.' Even blind Betty had found her way thither, and Parrot was delighted to offer his services to the ringers, who chimed till the congregation were out of sight.

We had the neighbouring clergyman to dine with us (a character, as several of the very old parochial clergy in the neighbourhood are), and were more amused than was quite befitting, perhaps, by his quaint manner and primitive simplicity; but the good man was quite unconscious, and prozed on till after dinner, when sleep proved more powerful than our attractions, and he nodded in his chair. As we left the dining-room, an expected guest, who had disappointed us, arrived: this was the hussar. He had been hunting recently near Marston with the Osbaldistones, and had consequently been invited to make one of the Christmas circle at the Manor. An accident that had happened to his carriage had delayed his arrival; and as he stood in the hall, making eager apologies to Portia for his apparent rudeness, I thought I had seldom seen him look handsomer or more animated. Who can tell what may chance before the snowdrops peep? My attendant Jane observed, in a rather loud whisper to the house-keeper, as I passed them in the corridor at night, 'That it was quite ominous—Captain Arthur Montgomery had been the first to speak to their young lady under the mistletoe bough!'

And thus closed Christmas-tide at Marston.

WILLIAM M'NAB.

LATE CURATOR OF THE EDINBURGH BOTANIC GARDEN.

The operations of gardening are so intimately connected with the various branches of science, that we would naturally expect gardeners to evince an inquiring and cultivated mind. Such we find to be the case: they indeed form one of the most intelligent and best-educated classes of working-men, and among their ranks have been displayed some of the most singular instances of zeal and perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge. This is more particularly the case with *Scottish* gardeners, who, as a class, have been long and justly celebrated as the first gardeners in the world—a fact evi-

denced not only by the advanced condition of horticulture in Scotland, but also, and not less powerfully, by the circumstance that many of the most important horticultural appointments in almost all countries where any progress has been made in the art, are held by men who have been reared amid the heath and bracken of our northern hills. And these men, too, have, as a general rule, begun their career in the obscurity of the lower class of society, from which they have emerged by their own unaided diligence, so as ultimately to become ornaments to society and an honour to their country. We need but to mention the name of Loudon to recall to the reader's recollection a gardener of universal fame; or that of Douglas, to summon up reminiscences of one of the most indefatigable travellers who ever set foot on transatlantic shore.

William M'Nab, who for nearly forty years held the 'post of honour' among the gardeners of Scotland, was born in 1780. His place of birth is the parish of Dailly, in the classic county of Ayr, where the poet of Scotland first saw the light. Like Burns, too, M'Nab was the son of a crofter or small farmer; and, as is still the custom with boys of his degree in the rural districts of Scotland, he was sent at an early age to tend the cows and flocks of a neighbouring farmer—an occupation ill calculated for the intellectual training of most youths, but nevertheless one which has yielded up some glorious spirits to literature and science. M'Nab was naturally of a contemplative cast of mind, and even in those youthful times felt that 'it was not solitude to be alone.' He did not, herdboy-like, look upon the birds, and bees, and flowers, among which his daily avocations led him to linger, as the idle playthings of an hour; for he saw something in them to admire, to study, and to love, and day by day were their hidden beauties more and more disclosed to his searching eye. The *foggy bees* in their mossy homes, the *water-vagtail* by the streamlet's marge, and the linnet of melodious song, all yielded him delight, and helped to relieve the monotony of his shepherd wanderings. But the wild flowers attracted his attention in an especial manner, and of these there are not a few in the county of Ayr. The 'banks and braes o' bonny Doon' bloomed then as fresh and fair as now, and our shepherd-boy would find in his daily wanderings on the hill-side the hardy heath of purple hue, and the bright blue bells of Scotland; while in the boggy spots, the two little butterworts, the snowy grass of Parnassus, and the rosy bog pimpernel, would gladden his boyish eye with their beauteous flowers, unknown to him *then* by Linnaean names, yet not less capable on that account of yielding delight to one

'Whose pleasures were in wild fields gathered.'

Thus nursed among his native hills, did M'Nab acquire an inextinguishable love of nature, more especially of the vegetable creation; and as

'The child is father of the man,'

so this taste determined the course of his future life.

At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed (according to his own choice, and with his father's consent) to the gardener at Dalquharran in Carrick, where he remained for three years, assiduously devoting himself to his profession. So diligent was he, that at the expiration of this time he was, on the recommendation of his employer, engaged by Mr Walter Dickson, nurseryman in Edinburgh, to go into the gardens of the Earl of Haddington, at Tynningham in East Lothian. After remaining there for about a year, he proceeded to London with the view of farther improving himself in his profession. He was fortunately recommended to that 'prince of gardeners,' the author of the '*Hortus Kewensis*,' and Mr Aiton accordingly gave him employment in the Royal Gardens at Kew. The advantages afforded by these magnificent gardens for his improvement were of the most ample kind, and he indeed availed himself fully of them; for he had not been here more than three years, when

he so attracted the able superintendent's special notice, by his diligence and perseverance, that he was advanced to the highly-responsible situation of foreman. While holding this prominent position, he was favourably noticed by George III., who had a strong predilection for rural pursuits, and was then a frequent visitor at Kew. His proficiency in botany and his general intelligence, combined with his unobtrusive manner, also attracted the attention of Sir Joseph Banks, who was alike keen in the appreciation, and generous in the encouragement, of real merit. He had frequent opportunities of conversing with Sir Joseph, and to him was he indebted for the honourable appointment at Edinburgh, which he so long and faithfully held.

M'Nab had held the situation of foreman in the Kew Gardens for a period of three years, during which time he had discharged his duties to the entire satisfaction of his superiors, when the curatorship of the Royal Botanic Garden at Edinburgh became vacant. The filling up of the vacancy devolved upon the professor of botany in the Edinburgh university, then Dr Daniel Rutherford (an uncle of Sir Walter Scott), and he applied to Sir Joseph Banks to name a person to fill it with the necessary experience and ability. Sir Joseph immediately recommended Mr William M'Nab, and he accordingly received the appointment. He was installed in his office in May 1810 and continued zealously to discharge its duties till the day of his death. The Botanic Garden was then situated in Leith Walk, but has since been removed, under Mr M'Nab's care, to the grounds which it now occupies at Inverleith Row. The success with which he effected the removal of even large specimens and trees to the new grounds was quite surprising to the horticulturists of the time; and indeed, in the words of Professor Traill, formed a remarkable instance of his 'indomitable industry.' He published an account of his practice in the plantation and general treatment of evergreens, which forms a valuable guide to growers of these shrubs.

M'Nab's *Treatise on the Propagation, Cultivation, and General Treatment of Cape Heaths*,* published in 1832, is still the standard work on the subject, and contains an amount of practical information rarely found within so small compass. Professor Lindley says of it—'No man has ever given such excellent practical directions for the whole management of heaths, from their first stage of a seedling or a cutting, to their last of a noble full-grown bush, as Mr M'Nab of Edinburgh. . . . It is one of the very best practical horticultural papers in any language.' And again, the secretary of the London Horticultural Society, in quoting from the treatise, says, 'Borrowed from Mr M'Nab, and therefore may be implicitly relied upon.' Mr M'Nab was no mere writer on heaths; he was an excellent heath-grower; and his proficiency in the culture of this lovely tribe of plants is amply testified by the many gorgeous specimens still in the Botanic Garden. We believe we wrong no one when we say that he was the best heath-grower of this or any other country. In De Candolle's 'Prodromus' (vii. 612), Bentham has dedicated a genus of heaths to him under the cognomen *Macnabia*, and its etymology is thus referred to, '*Cl. Macnabio curatori indefesso horti Edinburgensis, Ericarum cultivatori diligentissimo dicatum*'—that is, 'Dedicated to the illustrious M'Nab, the indefatigable curator of the Edinburgh Garden, a most industrious cultivator of heaths.' Long may *Macnabia* flourish, to commemorate an honourable name, and be a remembrance to young aspiring horticulturists of the height to which, through untiring study and industry, the lowliest merit may attain!

As a botanist, Mr M'Nab was of high standing; and a most accurate estimate of his character is contained in the following eulogy passed upon him by the Botanical Society, in recording the loss which botany and horticulture had sustained by his death:—'Long and

ardently devoted to the cultivation of plants, Mr M'Nab had carefully observed the influence of particular treatment on their evolution, and had acquired very distinct conceptions of the nature and limits of variation, and the conditions of healthy vegetation. To a profound technical and practical knowledge of his profession, he added a frankness in imparting his information, conjoined with a *correct view of his social position*, and a singleness and modesty of character, by which he secured a rare amount of respect and esteem.' Professor Balfour says of him—'Few men ever had a greater number of friends, in all ranks of society, during his lifetime; and none ever died more generally regretted. His death is a loss to the city, and will be deeply felt by all the practical gardeners of the country.'

Mr M'Nab was elected an Associate of the Linnean Society, an honour of no mean kind; and in 1844 a valuable testimonial was presented to him in Edinburgh, among the subscribers to which we find the names of almost all the botanists and horticulturists of eminence in this country, and not a few in other countries.

This useful and estimable man died at his post at the Botanic Garden, Edinburgh, on the 1st December 1848. With his talent was wedded a kind and generous spirit, and an anxiety to promote the welfare of all engaged in botanical and horticultural pursuits; and with perfect truth does he say—'I have had a considerable deal to do in recommending persons to situations of responsibility, both as head-gardeners and as under-gardeners; and my invariable advice to them has been, first to serve their employers well and faithfully, as being the best way to serve themselves. . . . *I have acted on the advice I have given to others.*' The curatorship of the Royal Botanic Garden is now held by his son, Mr James M'Nab, A.L.S., who so long distinguished himself as the able superintendent of the Caledonian Horticultural Society's Experimental Garden.

It is proper to mention that the materials for the present memoir are chiefly obtained from biographical notices of the deceased, published since his death in the 'Botanical Gazette' and the 'North British Agriculturist,' together with the published speeches delivered on the occasion of the testimonial having been presented to him in 1844, to which we have already referred. We understand that his gardening friends have set a movement on foot with the view of erecting a meet monument to his memory. Should permission be granted by the government authorities, it is proposed to place it in the Royal Botanic Garden—

* Where, by his hands arranged, in order grew
His chosen trees, his favourite flowerets blew.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

ABSENCE of mind is so common, that there are few who may not find instances of it in themselves. But though it is so general, it arises from various causes in different individuals. It is often the result of mere mechanical movement, or, to speak more correctly, of the force of habit. Thus nothing is more common than for a person to wend his way unconsciously to a house where he has been in the constant habit of visiting, and not recollecting, till he is at the very door, that the friends he wished to see have removed elsewhere, and been succeeded by strangers. It was absence of mind of this kind which Mr Banover experienced when he deliberately shaved himself before the place where his shaving glass had hung, but which had been removed without his knowledge: it was not till after the operation had been safely completed that he was made aware of his achievement. Sometimes, by a ludicrous mistake, we detect ourselves in a state of forgetfulness. A friend of ours, who came home late, and fatigued, went to his room to dress for a dinner-party, to which he and his wife had been invited. She was ready, and waited for him in the drawing-room. A length of time passed without his appearing; and the lady, knowing it

* Edinburgh: Thomas Clark, 33 George Street.

was beyond the time mentioned in the invitation, went up stairs to hurry him. She found him in his bed, comfortably settled, as it were, for the night. As the act of undressing always preceded his going into bed, the moment his clothes were off, he mechanically put out his light, and stepped in. We are told that Monsieur Thomas, 'a French writer, and profound thinker, would sit for hours against a hedge, composing in a low voice, and taking the same pinch of snuff for half an hour together without being aware that it had long disappeared.' Perhaps, however, there is no case of absence of mind so extraordinary as that where communication between the external senses and mental perception is suspended—where objects may be presented to the eyes, and sounds ringing in the ears, without making the slightest impression. Thus, Dante went to see a public procession from a bookseller's shop; and taking up a book by chance which lay upon the counter, became speedily so absorbed in its contents, that though surrounded by all the noise and bustle of the exhibition, he confessed, when he returned home, that he had seen or heard nothing of it. The attention having been so intently rivetted on the subject of the book, accounts for this abstraction from everything else; but there are many cases where nothing of an interesting nature appears to occupy the persons whose minds are away from what is about them. We have known some take out their watches and look intently at them, and while putting them up again, ask, 'What is the hour of the day?' There was scarcely a member of a large family with whom we were acquainted, who lived close to a church, who have not been known to inquire whether the bell had rung for prayers, though it had tolled a loud peal for a quarter of an hour. It has happened, in like manner, that some of the officers at a barrack have inquired whether the drum has beaten for mess, though it might have been heard a mile off. But perhaps as strange an instance of this wandering of the mind from the influence of the senses, is that in which whole pages have been read with the eyes, sometimes even aloud, without conveying any idea to the mind. In a case such as this the mind is usually said to be 'engaged on something else.' This is true. But let us observe that two distinct mental operations must be going on at once—the faculty of recognising and reading the print before us, and the faculty of reflecting on some separate and very different subject, all at the same time. Might we not imagine from this that the mind is a combination of things or agents, not one thing? The power of double thought is, however, very imperfect; and the habit or the instinct of doing accounts for much curious phenomena. Some people make use of their hands without the slightest consciousness. It was during a conversation with his sister, in which he was deeply interested, that Richard Brinsley Sheridan took up a pair of ruffles, which she had just worked at the expense of much time and pains, as a gift for her father, and with a pair of scissors, which chanced to lie upon the table, gave them a snip for every word, till the communication and the ruffles were at an end together.

Mr C—, during the fits of abstraction to which he was subject, never suffered his hands to remain idle. One day he was shown, before the arrival of company, into the drawing-room of a lady with whom he was to dine; and being alone, he fell into one of those musings to which he was liable. When his hostess entered the room, she found all the hairs plucked out of the hearth-brush, and strewed over the person of her guest, who held the denuded handle in evidence of his industry. We are told of Hogarth, that he was so entirely occupied with the designs which engaged his pencil, and the scenes which had struck his fancy, that he could attend to nothing that was going on. In these reveries he was extremely fidgetty, and would sometimes get up in the middle of dinner, and twirling his chair round, sit with his back to the table. Then he would as suddenly rise again, place his chair in its proper position, and resume his dinner.

Newton's fits of abstraction were very frequent, and he was in some measure aware of them himself. His friend Dr Stukely called to see him one day, and was shown into the parlour: Newton sent word that he would be with him directly, but thought no more about it. The doctor had come a great distance, and after waiting for a length of time, became excessively hungry. Newton's dinner was laid in the room where he was, and a nice roasted fowl served up. This considerably increased the doctor's appetite: its cravings became so urgent, that they were irresistible, and he applied himself so vigorously to the fowl, that there was not a morsel of it remaining when Newton came down, and perceived that it was gone. 'I protest,' said he, 'I had forgotten that I had eaten my dinner. You see, doctor, how oblivious we philosophers are!' The Count de Brancas is supposed to have furnished Bruyere with his idea of the 'Absent Man.' It is told that he was reading by his fireside when the nurse brought his infant to him. He laid his book on the table, and took the child into his arms, and was admiring her, when a visitor of consequence was shown into the room; upon which the count, confounding by some extraordinary process the ideas of the babe and the book, flung down the poor infant on the table, who soon informed him of his mistake by her loud cries. So little, indeed, did he give his attention to what was before him, that one day, as he was walking in the street, he said to the Duke de la Rochefoucault, who crossed the way to speak to him, 'God help you, my poor man!' Rochefoucault smiled, and was about to speak—'I told you,' interrupted the count somewhat impatiently, 'that I had nothing for you; there is no use in your teasing me; why don't you try to get work? Such lazy idlers as you make the streets quite disagreeable.' A hearty laugh from the duke brought the absent man to his recollection.

Persons engaged in sublime meditations, and elevated above the ordinary affairs of life, are sometimes quite unconscious of the lapse of time. Socrates would remain for an entire day and night without changing his posture, his eyes and countenance directed to one spot, from which they never wandered during his whole hours of profound thought. In the same way La Fontaine would remain in one reclining attitude from early morning till late in the evening, under the shade of a tree. 'It has been told of a modern astronomer,' says Mr D'Israeli, 'that one summer night, when he was withdrawing to his chamber, the brightness of the heavens showed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it; and when they came to him early in the morning, and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been collecting his thoughts for a few moments, "It must be thus; but I'll go to bed before it is too late." He had gazed the entire night in meditation, and was not aware of it.'

Poets and painters have been ever remarked for their love of solitude—perhaps from its being favourable for that mental abstraction which seems essential in their pursuits: they love to turn to the ideal world of their own creation, and to transform themselves into the imaginary beings they would represent. Crebillon, the great tragic poet, often sought the deepest retirement, that he might wander undisturbed through the scenes which his fancy suggested, and thoroughly identify himself with the characters in whom he took most interest. He was thus indulging himself one day when a friend entered his study. 'Don't disturb me,' he exclaimed; 'this is a moment of exquisite happiness. I am going to hang a villain of a minister, and to banish another who is an idiot!' Domenichino, while busy at his canvases, always acted for the figures which he sketched. While he was painting the martyrdom of St Andrew, Caracci found him in a violent passion, speaking in a most furious tone. His anger was directed against a soldier, who was represented as threatening the saint. When his rage had subsided, Caracci threw himself into the painter's arms, declaring that from him he had now

learned the true way of catching the expression which he wished to represent. Fuseli was liable to fits of abstraction, and often, when given up to the wild fantasies which suggested subjects for his pencil, he has been heard to call out 'Michael Angelo!' in a loud voice, as if that great master were within call.

A YARN IN THE HALF-DECK.

'Did you say you served your apprenticeship in the *Arethusa*?'

'Yes; I served my time in the *Arethusa*.'

'What age were you when you went to sea?'

'I was sixteen.'

'Put down sixteen, Bill.'

The scene of the present dialogue was the fore-castle of a collier brig at anchor in the Thames: the speakers an old seaman, and three others scarcely arrived at middle-age, one of whom, behind the old man, acted as clerk, with a piece of chalk on the lid of his own chest.

'Put down sixteen, Bill,' whispered one; and the number was put down.

'Then how long were you in the *Arethusa*?'

'I served five years,' said the old man; 'then I stopped by her other three: I was eight years in her altogether. I liked the ship very well, but I did not like the owner.'

Bill, who was all attention, put down an eight below the sixteen.

'But you would be a young fellow then: I should think you would not be long out of a ship?'

'I got a ship directly, and sailed for North America. Well, as it happened, we were water-logged as we were on our passage home: all hands took the rigging, where we were three days without a bite of anything, or as much as a drink. On the fourth day, got hold of a dead bird of some kind that was floating past—ate it, feathers and all. Well, I did not get you told all hands died but myself, and the only way I could keep myself alive was by sucking the grease out of the ropes. I knocked about upon the rigging for a month. At last I was picked up by an American vessel, and taken to America. The Americans used me very well; so I traded back and forward among the American ports for a long time.'

'How long do you suppose you were in America altogether?'

'I was away ten years from leaving home.'

'Didn't you go into the Greenland trade after that?'

'No; it was not till some time after. I was on board of a man-of-war before I was in the Greenland trade. Somehow or other the pressgang got scent of me: a good run we had; I was nimble on my feet then; if I had not slipped and fallen souse into an ash-midden, I believe they never would have taken me: but take me they did. Well, I was seven years in his majesty's service, and I liked the service very well; but one day the captain and I had a few words, and said I to myself, "The sooner we part company the better, old fellow." So I ran away: it was in the West Indies. I knew they would be after me; so I got myself stowed into a hog-head of sugar, and sent aboard of a merchantman, and got clear off that way.'

Bill, who was listening in silence, put down, 'On board man-of-war seven years.'

'Then did you get home all right?'

'Yes; and then I went to Greenland. My eyes! what sport we had there the first ten years I was in the trade! I was there that year when there wasn't a whale to be seen, and we loaded the ship with seals. A weary job we had: the ice was short and hummocky,

and the seals as shy as foxes. Somehow we always found one or two fellows, who'd been fuddled maybe the night before, that forgot the way into the water. When the brutes make a dive, they are out of sight in a minute.'

'How long were you in the Greenland trade?'

'I was nineteen years altogether. Then I fancied I would like to be in a warmer climate; so I got into an East Indiaman, and traded to the East Indies for a long time.'

'How long do you suppose?'

'About thirteen years. At last the ship was taken by the pirates, and the most of the crew had to walk the plank; only three of us saved our lives by consenting to be pirates with the rest. I never liked a pirate's life; so one day when we were ashore on a large island watching, I took leg-bail and ran away. I'd been with them three years, which was quite enough. Well, I got among the natives of the place, who were mighty kind in their way; and as I was a brisk young fellow, I wasn't long in finding a wife among them; so I lived there just like a savage for sixteen years; for there was no chance of getting away, and it was just as well to make myself happy. But at last an English ship put in for water, and the longing came over me to go back to my native land; so I smuggled myself on board just as she was ready for sea, and glad I was that my wife didn't follow me.'

'Did you get home all right and tight?'

'All right and tight, boh!'

'Then I suppose you would not lie up any time at home?'

'I didn't lie up at all. When I got home I found my brother had gone to America; so nothing would serve me but I would go seek him, as I had not seen him for a long time. So I got a ship, and off I went; but I never saw him from that day to this, although I wandered through America for five years seeking him. I turned tired of wandering, and got into a little vessel trading between Prince Edward's Island and the mainland; and I traded in her for ten long years—ten long years I can assure you.'

'Haven't you been a long time in the coal trade?'

'I was thirty years in the coal trade before I went to China.'

'How did you like the China trade?'

'I liked it very well. I was only in it about five years. After that I got into the Baltic trade. I was seven years in it; but I tired of it, so I got a ship and went off to the West Indies, where I was put ashore sick, and lay in the hospital for three years. When I did get better, I was a better man than ever, so I started negro-driver in a plantation, where I whipped the poor fellows on for nine years, till at last the old fit came on me, and I would be off to sea again.'

'Was that before you were captain of the old *Clinker*?'

'Yes; that was just before I got to be captain of the *Clinker*.'

'Weren't you a long time captain of the *Clinker*?'

'I was captain of the *Clinker* for nineteen years. I was captain of her till she was lost on the Gunfleet Sand: it was as much as we could do to save our lives that time.'

'What ship was it you lost in the Swinver?'

'That was the *Peggy*. I was a long time in her both mate and master. I was four years mate and eight years master.'

'How long is it since the *Peggy* was lost?'

'Let me see: it will be fourteen years this next month: just fourteen exactly.'

'Then you must be a good old fellow now?'

'Ay: I'm a good age now, you may depend on't.'

'See what age he is there, Bill, will you?'

Bill, who had been listening in the background, and taking notes on the lid of his chest, proceeded to read off the following items:—

'Went to sea in the <i>Arethusa</i> ,	16 years old.
In the <i>Arethusa</i> ,	8 years.
In America,	10 ...
On board man-of-war,	7 ...
In Greenland trade,	19 ...
In East India trade,	13 ...
Among the pirates,	3 ...
Among the savages,	16 ...
Travelled in America,	5 ...
Traded to Prince Edward's Island,	10 ...
In the coal trade,	30 ...
In the China trade,	5 ...
In the Baltic trade,	7 ...
In the hospital,	3 ...
Negro driver,	9 ...
Captain of the <i>Clinker</i> ,	19 ...
In the <i>Peggy</i> ,	12 ...
Since the <i>Peggy</i> was lost,	14 ...

Total, 206 years.'

'Then you'll be two hundred and six years old!' said Bill with a chuckle.

'Bravo!' said Tom; 'there's not a man like him in the fleet!'

THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

The growth of the city of New York is one of the most remarkable characteristics of this country. Its natural advantages are very great, and these seem to be appreciated both by capitalists and mere adventurers. The number of buildings going up is very large, and among these is a large proportion of princely residences. For £5000 a house may be purchased in a fashionable part of the town, with thirty-three feet frontage, sixty-five feet depth, with a height of five storeys. The interior, for I have an instance in my eye, is finished in the most costly manner. The halls are paved with marble, the decorations are in the highest style of art; every convenience of the kitchen, of baths, of water-closets, of ventilation, and of heating, is carefully attended to. This will doubtless be the residence of some successful merchant, or professional man, who began the world fifteen or twenty years ago without a penny. Before he takes possession, the most expensive carpets, mirrors, candelabra, china, and plate, will be provided for his comfort; a luxurious carriage will be ready to take him from the door, and servants in liveries (very probably) will usher him into his new home. This is New York—this is American life. If he happens to have a wife of good connections and education, she will at once slide into her new position, and leave her former humble apartments with a belief that she has fully deserved her good fortune. At once, and as if by magic, she dresses with taste and propriety; falls into the manners of the gay world as if she had always practised them; and if she has wit and beauty, she attracts about her the most distinguished of our male society. She patronises the Opera, attends the most fashionable church of her own particular denomination, and floats along in a sea of delight. Her husband, rewarded by the novelty of his new pleasures, looks back to his former career with the satisfaction of feeling that to himself alone he owes his advancement. He next looks forward to see how his prosperity may be prolonged in his family. Generally, if he have children who have passed their infancy in restrained circumstances, his cares are of no avail. The daughters marry, and often badly, to young men who have pretensions without money or worth; and the sons, if they have not been disciplined in the school of the father, become gay young men about town, with no other views than to expend money for the sake of personal pride or personal pleasure. The second generation generally, therefore, undoes the work of the first, and the third ends where the first began. There is no country in the world where fortune is so easily won or so easily lost as in the United States. It depends entirely on the character of the individual who possesses it whether it is or is not honourably and usefully enjoyed. The great wealth of the city of New York is manifest, not only by the number of its magnificent private residences, but by the official statements annually published of its taxable resources. What we term its real estate, or, in other words, the real estate of its citizens, is now valued at about 198,000,000 of dollars, and, according to our system of undervaluing for taxation, may be set down as

one-half more. The personal property of the inhabitants is estimated at 58,000,000 of dollars, and this does not include, in fact, the plate, the jewellery, the private securities, or the amounts of cash they are possessed of. In five years the aggregate of this value has increased more than 16,000,000 dollars. We should like to know of any city in the world which, in proportion to its age and population, compares with New York. Take another instance. The last day's receipts at the customhouse for duties has been 75,000 dollars, and the balance in its vaults is within a fraction of 4,000,000 dollars, notwithstanding the continued draughts on it for the public service.—*New York correspondent of the Daily News.*

THE BIER-PATH.

I'll lead thee to my favourite ground within the valley nigh,
Where a narrow rushing river foameth ever wildly by—
O'erhung with rugged rocks which glance from out a leafy screen—
Their gray and sombre sides festooned with canopies of green.

Around the entrance-porch are twining no bright summer flowers,
It leadeth to no garden trim or rose-encircled bowers;
But welcome is the solemn shade from garish light of day,
Where gloomy yews of age unknown survive amid decay.

A pathway windeth from the porch—a broad and decent way—
Adown it in the evening-time young footsteps often stray.
It hath no rustic resting-seat, no fragrance round it shed;
It windeth through the lone churchyard—the bier-path of the dead!

No nightingales frequent the spot, but oftentimes may be heard
The robin's note in cadence sad—the melancholy bird!
It hopeth lightly o'er the sod, disturbs no grassy bed;
But soft and sweetly singeth still a requiem for the dead!

Ah! hallowed is that old bier-porch, since when, in mute despair,
I knelt beside a dismal load the bearers rested there!
That bier-path is the dearest path in all the world to me—
For it alone, my love beloved, can bring me near to thee!

May I be borne beneath that porch when journeying to the home
From whence this weary, wasted form, shall never thenceforth roam!

May I be borne along that path—retracing it no more—
My wanderings all ended here, and all my sorrows o'er!

C. A. M. W.

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